**Playing God**

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# Playing God

by Annibal

When Will had met Hannibal he hadn't been interested, Hannibal was like every other rich man he'd met. He was beyond arrogant and thought he knew best. That had never changed, but Will had. Over time the omega slowly wormed his way into his heart, and after he had been released from the hospital instead of trying to turn him in, he mated him.

Part of him was naive thinking that he could change an animal into something else, but he tried, as his alpha Will at least stopped the killing for now.

The orderly had been another matter. He had been Will's first; he'd mated him while he was still within the old stone walls. Instead of trying to pry himself into Will's life he waited, he left a trail to pique his interest and slowly won him over. When he saw that he only had half of Will's heart he had told Will he wouldn't mind if he wanted a second mate.

So now he felt like he was like he was living with two cats, both of them spitting biting words at each other every time they passed in the hall. Will was sure it was out of respect of him that kept his two omegas' from killing each other, but over all they behaved.

They had all moved into Hannibal's house on the agreement that Hannibal would give up two thirds, so that they each had their own space. Matthew set up a gym in what used to be a home office, and Will had a room for his fishing rods and tack.

The room they all shared was the bedroom; Will stuck in the middle with an omega on each side. The two at least didn't fight there; the one thing they seemed to agree on was pleasure. It helped their relationship a lot, the two omegas touching, but it never seemed to happen without him there, until today.

He'd come home early, feeling tired, and after finding some left overs in the fridge he sat down for a while. Will felt the first dregs of heat from Matthew and knew something was wrong, both his omega's were on suppressants. So he dragged himself up to the bedroom and opened the door to find I sight he didn't expect.

Hannibal had Matthew presenting for him, and had his tongue buried inside the other omega. It was the first sign on kindness he had seen between them, Hannibal helping him ease the symptoms until Will arrived.

He stood in the doorway for a minute.

It was only a few seconds before the omega's smelled him and looked over.

"Baby, come here."

Matthew's voice was begging, and Will still didn't understand how this was happening. If he got closer the scent of slick and need would be too much, so he stayed at the door while they talked.

"You're in heat."

Matthew groaned in response as Hannibal moved from beside him and had the expression of a cat that got into the cream.

“We talked about a family Will; I decided to give it to you.”

Matthew’s expression turned from need to anger in a flash and he watched him launch himself at Hannibal, their naked body’s tensing as blows were given and received.

Will realised slower than Mathew what had happened, too stunned by the turn in events, and then it hit him. Hannibal had changed Matthew’s medication so that he went into heat. Instead of asking Hannibal had manipulated the situation to give Will a chance at a family.

“Fucking Christ Hannibal.”

Will sighed.

He watched Matthew strain as he tried to get his hands around Hannibal’s neck and crossed the room. He pulled at Matthew, tugging him back quickly and getting a stray blow from Hannibal in the cheek.

His vision blacked out for only a second and his face hurt.

“Stop it, both of you.”

The omega was struggling in his arms, a stream of swear words from his mouth, but Hannibal didn’t try anything. He was getting what he wanted; he looked as smug as Will was sure he felt. Leaning back on one elbow in all his nude glory, his grey chest hair looking fuzzy and welcoming. Almost as welcoming as the slick between Matthew’s thighs.

His body was reacting to the two, and he knew he wouldn’t be able to resist this any more than Matthew would be able to.

The one benefit of the heat was the distraction Matthew felt, and the struggling slowed down as his body worked against him. Matthew wanted Will, and being in his arms helped.

“I want you to breed him Will. For all of us.”

Matthew gave one last bust of fight before he finally gave in, it was too late now, it didn’t matter how they felt about the situation, and Hannibal was still going to get his way.

“I’ve already prepared him for you.”

Hannibal continued as he reached out and pet Matthew’s sweaty forehead and the omega snarled at the affectionate touch. Even with his anger though, when Hannibal touched his lips and pushed a finger inside his mouth, Matthew only squinted in annoyance. It was a bit like playing with a lion, Hannibal watched the other omega as he probed inside his mouth, but there were no bites.

“We’ll all figure this out together.”

Will took the moment to reassure Matthew, neither of them really had a choice now, and he wanted his omega to feel as good about it with the situation.

Hannibal nodded, looking intensely at the omega in between them.

“You’re going to very important to me now Matthew, this is for the best. Besides, won’t it feel good to know you are the one carrying Will’s child and not me?”

It was about control, and Will let it play out, glad to see Matthew taking it without protest. This is what Hannibal was doing to replace the murders, staging their life as if it was some sort of game. Hannibal was still playing god and Will didn’t want to admit it, but he knew both omega’s would be able to smell it. Watching them like this aroused him.

The fingers slowly slid out of Matthew’s mouth, trailing down his chest to tease a nipple and lower until they roamed over his abs. There was only a pause for a moment, and Will waited, knowing Matthew would feel his cock against his back; he wanted to see where he was going.

“I’ll do this for Will.”

Matthew didn’t fight the fingers as they slipped between his thighs, and even gave a warm sigh as Hannibal entered him. He was needy and only getting worse at the contact.

It was too much for Will and he let go of Matthew, needing to strip himself as well. The omega only slumped against him, letting Hannibal work his fingers inside him. It was a struggle to undress with the omega still half on him but the need was strong enough that it was worth the effort.

“Your temperature is up.”

Hannibal removed himself licking each finger clean before helping Matthew sit up. Even though he could see tension in Matthew’s jaw he let the other omega position him to be bred, burying his face in the pillows with his ass up in the air presenting. Hannibal used his hands to help him position his hips, and smoothed a hand over them, before moving to spread his legs.

Will could feel his cock aching with need as he watched them, and he struggled to get his boxers off fast enough.

He looked at Hannibal and he moved to cover Matthew, taking Matthew’s hand in his own as he entered him. It was a reassurance, that he loved him, even if they were playing Hannibal’s game, he wanted Matthew to feel like this was about more than the heat.

Hannibal was noticeably aroused watching them; his hand moving to Will’s hip to guide him, to help him fuck Matthew. Hannibal was getting off on playing god. Will hated that a part of him liked it; his alpha side wanting so badly to breed one of his omega’s and here Hannibal had given it to him. In a strange was it was how their love went, Hannibal never seemed to want to take the easy way, needing to entertain himself.

Even better his sweet Matthew so willing to do anything for him, taking his cock without hesitation, together they made this perfection, his perfect omega.

Matthew was delicious warm heat tight around his cock, and he felt the first emotion through their bond since he had arrived home. Contentment heavy with need.

He pushed back into the first few thrusts, encouraging Will to take him. It felt more natural now, Hannibal's hands on him, Matthew under him. The anger was gone in the heat and he gave himself over to it. His alpha side wanting nothing more than to do what Hannibal wanted, to fill Matthew.

As Matthew's body adjusted he started thrusting in harder, and the omega pushed back into them to make a satisfying slap as their skin hit.

He heard Hannibal's satisfied noise, almost a moan in the back of his throat, and then the omega was beside them. He lay on his back, with his attention more firmly on Matthew, with his head turned to look at his face in the pillow. Hannibal reached under him, his hand circling Matthew's cock.

His older omega touched himself as well, jerking them together so the three of them moved in unison. Will might have mistrusted the action if he didn't feel what Hannibal was feeling.

He noticed Matthew turn his head, opening his eyes and looking at Hannibal, their eyes meeting in a surprisingly intimate gaze. What surprised him most though was that Matthew put his hand on Hannibal's shoulder.

It only got him going more, this was almost like normal, the two of them sharing pleasure. The three of them felt like one person, the dislike between his omega's forgotten in pleasure. Matthew was giving into it, accepting what Hannibal had done to them. He felt the rush of slick around his cock, and moaned out Matthew's name.

His knot was swollen, and he nipped at the back of Matthew's neck, giving him a warning. It was only a few more thrusts before it was too much and he came. He could feel his cock pumping semen deep into his omega, and he let them both hear his pleasure.

Will was still panting over Matthew when he felt the omega's own release orchestrated by both himself and Hannibal's careful hand. Matthew's body pulsing around his knot and milking him for anything he had left.

Hannibal finished in the way he normally did, in a moan deep in his throat that stirred something in Will.

He felt spent and knew they would have a lot to talk about when the heat was over, but for now he was letting himself enjoy it.

With a little help from the omega under him the moved onto their side while they were tied together. Normally Hannibal would move to whatever side that Matthew wasn't on, but this time he didn't. He stayed with Matthew, moving in closer and tangling their legs together.

Hannibal had wiped his hands clean while they had found a comfortable spot, and he reached out and brushed the short hair off of Matthew's forehead, pressing a soft kiss to it. Matthew allowed it, but he couldn't see the expression, he could only feel that neither of them had the irritation that was normally there when they shared a moment.

"I've already taken the liberty to obtain heat papers, when you two finish you can sign them and turn them into your bosses."

He heard Matthew laugh, and felt the pull on his knot as Matthew reached out and dug his fingers into Hannibal's chest hair. Matthew didn't pull, he only kept his hand on the other omega's chest.

"You're still an asshole Hannibal."

Matthew's mouthy comment was expected, but it was only met with a deep chuckle.

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